VERSES,

WRITTEN UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop on the Lower walk in the *New Exchange*. 1663.

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Henry Herringman.

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Henry Herrington.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

CHRISTS PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode written by Mr. Masters *of New College in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muse, of earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud, and everlasting strings,
And on'em play, and to'em sing,
The happy mournfull stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucifyed King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'st rise
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundleſs thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?

I'le

I'le sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole World's Life to dye did not disdain.

2.

I'le sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reasons Plummet, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too short the line!
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son, as ransom for his foe,
I'le sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3.

Me thinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he! (the tree!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from
His gratious hands, ne're stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:
And sinfull Man do's fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

Unhappy

4.

Unhappy Man, can'ſt thou ſtand by, and ſee
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breaſt, and tear,
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'ſt thou not ſee thy Prince, in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the Roſes, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not Crucified,
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his ſide.

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where ere it lyes,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a Sea:

Can'ſt

Can'ſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his ſides myſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood.

On *Orinda's* Poems.

ODE.

WE allow'd You Beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
And Cruel Sex, will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda do's in that too raign,
Do's Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Loves fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Armes beſides that Conquerour bore:
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T' aſſault a ſtubborn Town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt Quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsfull prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Tranſmit to their Poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pitty' *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd, and till'd
The fair, and fruitfull field;
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe, that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feaſt,
A ſecret Joy unſpeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breaſt:
With no leſſe pleaſure thou methinks ſhouldſt ſee,
Th's thy no leſs Immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of th' ancient Curſe to Woman-kind,
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is nor Labour of the brain,
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' unexhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the Holland Counteſs thou mayſt bear
A child for every day of all the fertil year.

3. Thou

3.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy raiſe
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where e're I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high, (eye.
Thoſe as thy fore-head ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet, (ſweet.
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alaſs the ſhame!
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair incloſed Light,
It through the paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and Friendſhip, and the Generous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Diſeaſe,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her pen,

And

And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne're inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* train,
Who in *Elysium* now do peacefull reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be setled in their sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly
In such a sacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* o'recome at last, by'a woman of her Race.

ODE

ODE.

Upon occaſion of a Coppy of Verſes of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon (ſaid I) Ingrateful Muſe, and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiſer ought to be,
My buſineſs and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But ſay, Ingratefull Miſtreſs, ſay,
What, for all this, what didſt Thou ever pay?
Thou'lt ſay, Perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of Lands, where thou doſt Trade.
And I, as well my Country might upbraid
Becauſe I have no Vineyard there.
Well: but in Love, thou doſt pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordſhip is;
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.
I like a Fool, did thee Obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain,
For after all my' expenſe of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me Fame,

Bounty

Bounty Immenſe ! And that too muſt be try'd,
VVhen I my ſelf am nothing but a name.
VVho now, what Reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt w' are alive ?
For when a Poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepeſt Blow :
And this is all, kind Muſe, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at VVindow threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himſelf went with them too,
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred *Mantuan* Book :
I my own Off-ſpring, like *Agave* tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
VVhere only flowry VVeeds inſtead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (ſee the ſubtil wayes which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to binde,
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)
The Muſe came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Loe thy reward! look here and ſee,
What I have made (ſaid ſhe)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghill* do for thee.
Though thy own verſe no laſting fame can give,
Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.

VVhat

What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
VVho Rant and Challenge all Men that have VVrit,
Will dare to oppose thee when
Broghill in thy defence has drawn his Conquering Pen?
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon ask'd for all that I had said,
Well satisfi'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part.
So strongly, large Rewards work on a gratefull Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the Drooping Spirits can raise
As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th'Ingredients can compose.
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.
The onely danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedie:
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madness, turn the Lethargie.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might see
A time when it were Dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praise!
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes.

'Tis ſaid, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his Pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their humane ſhapes, into a form Divine;
None who had ſet could her own Picture ſee,
Or ſay, One part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a cauſe, but an occaſion to his wit:
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, ſince I,
In ſtead of my own likeneſs, onely find
The Bright Idea there of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book presenting it selfe to the University Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon* ! Hail the sacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque !
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Times devouring Flood.
Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit ! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell.
Hail Bank of all past Ages ! where they lye
T' inrich with interest Posterity !
Hail VVits Illustrious Galaxy !
VVhere thousand Lights into one brightness spread;
Hail living University of the Dead !

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues which er' e (veler,
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Tra-
That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
VVhere still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
VVhich now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,

I

In the myſterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

VVill you into your Sacred throng admit
The meaneſt Brittiſh VVit?
You Gen'ral Councel of the Prieſts of Fame,
VVill you not murmur and diſdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humbleſt Deacon of her train?
VVill you allow me th'honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Priſoners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
VVill ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy VVrit?
VVhat ever happy book is chained here,
Nor other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Paſport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a ſeat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
VVho caſting round his woundring eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apoſtles there eſpye;
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
VVith trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties paſt and ſins,

He doubts almoſt his Station there,
His ſoul ſayes to it ſelf, How came I here ?
It fares no otherwiſe with me
VVhen I my ſelf with conſcious wonder ſee,
Amidſt this purifi'd elected Companie.
VVith hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain :
No labour I, nor merits can pretend,
I think Predeſtination only was my friend.

5.

Ah, that my Authour had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a place, and ſuch a Companie !
Inſtead of ſev'ral Countries, ſev'ral Men,
And Buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall Eſtate,
VVhich nature ſparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And ſetled, upon me his Child, ſomewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
VVe Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt converſation.
For though ſome errours will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original ſin :
Yet ſure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the ſtrength and Spirit of it :
Leaving the groſſer parts for converſation,
As the beſt blood of Man's imploy'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair, made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ships.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more ſail and never ſpare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning Line:
Hey Boyes! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know,
VVe round the VVorld are ſailing now.
VVhat dull men are thoſe who tarry at home,
VVhen abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too
Such Countries, and VVonders as I do?
But prythee good *Pilot*, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
VVith Gold, there the Veſſel we'll ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

2.

VVhat do I mean? what thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may VVitches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,
As I ſail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,

Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beaſt, or Fiſh, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been, (ſeen.
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has
Let not the Pope's it ſelf with this compare,
This is the only Univerſal Chair.

3.

The pious VVandrers Fleet, ſav'd from the flame,
(Which ſtill the Reliques did of *Troy* perſue,
And took them for its due)
A ſquadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And ſtill make new, and greater voyages;
Nor has the firſt Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a ſtar ſhe ſo Triumphant ſhow,
And guide her ſailing Succeſſors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the ſhining fleece;)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of Heaven ſtill carries her around.
Only *Drakes* Sacred veſſel which before
Had done, and had ſeen more,
Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince they Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been;
As a reward for all her labour paſt,
Is made the ſeat of reſt at laſt.
Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'ſt abroad the World to ſee;
Let the World now come to ſee thee.

4. The

The World will do't; for Curioſitie
Does no leſs than devotion, Pilgrims make;
And I my ſelf who now love quiet too,
As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake: (*Drake*?
Yet what could that ſay more than theſe remains of
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one way of Making Voyages;
The breath of fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou ſhalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The ſtraights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiſcovered Sea,
And ſteer the endleſs courſe of vaſt Eternitie,
Take for thy Sail this Verſe, and for thy *Pilot* Mee.

ODE.

Upon Dr. Harvey.

I

COy Nature, (which remain'd, though Aged grown,
A Beauteous virgin ſtill, injoyd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harveys* violent paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:
There *Daphnes* lover ſtop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, ſtopt not ſo,
Into the Bark, and root he after her did goe:
No ſmalleſt Fibres of a Plant,
For which the Sunbeams Pointe doth ſharpneſs want,
His paſſage after her withſtood.
What ſhould ſhe do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with ſenſe ſhe tooke her flight,
Harvey perſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight.
But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at laſt into the winding ſtreams of blood;
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart ſhe ſtayd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was ſhe o're-heard to ſay.

2. Heer

2.

Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe (ſayd ſhee)
None will be able ſure to ſee
This my retreat, but only Hee
Who made both it and mee.
The heart of Man what Art can er'e reveal?
A wall Impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its ſelf conceal.
She ſpoke, but e're ſhe was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this ſlippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Myſteries ſhe deſcry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the firſt Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practiſe of New life did ſee,
Whil'ſt to conceal its toyſome Poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately,
Before the Liver underſtood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to ſet up the Trade:
Before the unraught Heart began to beat
The tunefull March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether implyd for earth, or ſea, or air,

Whether

Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick do's proceed,
VVhat time and what materials it do's need,
He ſo exactly do's the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* ſought for truth in truths own Book
The creatures, which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th' original it ſelf to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others ſtand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread,
And Dance like Fairies a Fantaſtick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvy* to this Road confind his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet.
Great Doctor! Th'art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
VVe now thy Patient Phyſick ſee,
From all inveterate diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer ayr,
It now will ſtrong, and healthfull prove,
It ſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5. Theſe

5.

Theſe Vſefull ſecrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a Barba'rous VVars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the Ruin'd Age;
O cruell loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
VVith ſo much coſt, and labour bought,
And from a farr by a Great *Hero* Brought,
Had ſunk eve'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
O Curſed VVarre! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty task none but himſelf can doe,
Nay ſcarſe himſelf too now,
For though his VVit the force of Age withſtand,
His Body alas! and Time it muſt command,
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs't,
VVill ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE,

ODE,

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return.

Virgil. —*Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOw *Blessings* on you all, ye peacefull *Starrs*,
VVhich meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Warrs*.
Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
In their large *Treaty*, to contain
The VVorld apart, o're which do reign
Your seven fair *Brethren* of great *Charles his Wane*;
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I beleeve,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
At * *Charls* his *Birth*, did, in despight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
No lesse effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerfull *Ray*,
VVhich could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the King's Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Blessing.

2. Auspicious

2.

Auſpicious *Star* again ariſe,
And take thy *Noon-tide ſtation* in the skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiouſly adorn;
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with, and to Pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wiſely for this *ſecond Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The Land with full and flouriſhing *Happineſs*
Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoyce*.
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Paradiſe* to be found,
Than when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Bleſſed Pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *Forbidden Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty years one *calmy day*?
Ah! mild and gaulleſs *Dove*,
Which doſt the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love:

Canſt

Canſt thou in *Albion* ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it *White*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In theſe deformed *Ruins*? will ſhe clear
Th' *Augean Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Juſtice* hazard to be ſeen
Where a *High Court* of *Juſtice* e're has been?
Will not the Tragique Scene,
And *Bradſhaw*'s bloody *Ghoſt* affright her there,
Her who ſhould never fear?
Then may *White-hall* for *Charls* his *Seat* be fit
If *Juſtice* ſhall endure at *Weſtminſter* to ſit.

4.

Of all, me thinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearfull looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Crumwell*, which does freſhly ſtill
The Curſes of ſo many ſufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt as a *Tempeſt* carried him away,
Some *Hurican* ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tayl*, [made)
(And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Priſoners*
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Power*,
And dread your periſht Enemies no more,
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain

Whilſt

VVhilſt you return in *Charls* his train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* reſtore,
Nor ſhall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go,
VVith a full Tide to every Port they flow,
VVith a warm fruitfull *wind* o're all the *Country* blow.
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* ſound,
The *Arts* encompaſs you around,
And againſt all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it ſelf brings up the *Rear*.
And in the head of this *Angelique band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at laſt does ſtand
(O righteous *God* !) on his *own happy Land*.
Tis *Happy* now, which could, with ſo much eaſe
Recover from ſo deſperate a *Diſeaſe*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
VVhoſe every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of Three *Frenzey* poſſeſt,
And *Lethargy* the reſt.
Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of ſuch *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hoſtile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deſerve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

We *fear'd* (and almoſt toucht the black degree
Of inſtant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadfull *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Plague* ſhould here eſtabliſht ſee,
(*God*'s great *Triumvirate* of *Deſolation*)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinfull *Nation*.
Juſtly might *Heav'n Protectors* ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch *Commitees* for their *Safety* impoſe,
Upon a *Land* which ſcarſely *Better Choſe*.
We fear'd that the *Fanatique War*
Which men againſt *God*'s *Houſes* did declare,
Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our *Own*.
We read th' *Inſtructive Hiſtories* which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd ſo well,
After that *fatal Curſe* had once been ſaid,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with *greater Guilt*.
We know thoſe miſeries did befall
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince* whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7. Already

7.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought.
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Even to the laſt of *Ills*, *Annihilation*.
When in the midſt of this confuſed Night,
Loe, the bleſt *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
For in the glorous *General*'s previous Ray,
We ſaw a new created *Day*.
VVe by it ſaw, though yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteous VVork* of *Order* moving on.
VVhere are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good *ſucceſs*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedneſs*?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *VVind*:
God came not till the *Storm* was paſt,
In the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
The cruell buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *VVork*, we ſee't, and by the
Speed.

8. He

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Brittiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
VVith which misfortunes ſtrive t'abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his *Clowd* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Siſters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with eaſe,
(But *wicked men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That *God* had no intent t'extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right*.
He who had ſeen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough Red ſea* they had been led,
By *VVonders* guarded, and by *VVonders* fed.
How many yeares of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wandred in their fatal *VVilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;
Might (me-thinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Tryals paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong un-erring hand
To their *own Promis'd Land*.
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*,
And all *Heaven's bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
VVho *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyr's Crown*.

9. The

9.

The *Martyr's blood* was said of old to be
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Bloud* which dying *Charles* did sow,
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*.
'Twas in *dishonour sown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *Grave* could but the *dross* of it devour;
'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Question* well decided see,
Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
At the *Great Monarch's* Feast,
Of all on earth what things the strongest be:
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*.
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of humane *Policies*;
No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *fooliſh Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No *Art* ſo far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e'rewhile
Miſ-lead our *wandring Iſle?*
Where's the *Impoſtor Cromwell* gon?
Where's now that *Falling-ſtar* his *Son?*
Where's the *large Comet* now whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o're our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood?*
The *fiery Tayl* did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tayl*, we ſaw at laſt it's end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſht ſight,
Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of the *Spring*.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

11.

Man ought his *Future Happineſs* to fear,
If he be alwayes *Happy here.*
He wants the *Bleeding Mark of Grace,*
The *Circumciſion* of the *Choſen race.*
If no one *part* of him ſupplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice,*
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd *intire*
As a *whole Victime* for the *Fire.*
Beſides even in this *world* below,
To thoſe who never did *Ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow.
Conſider man's *whole Life,* and you'l confeſs,
The Sharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad ſucceſs*
Is that which gives the *Taſte* to all his *Happineſs.*
But the true *Method* of *Felicitie,*
Is when the worſt
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cauſe of *perfecting* the *Man;*
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van,*
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band,*
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of theſe, are ſure of *Victory.*

12.

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we ſee
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee* :
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, & ſtill *Triumphant* be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never ſhall *o're-take* thee more.
To ſee't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look *behind*,
Things which *offend*, when preſent, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all thy' *afflictions* now ;
Thy *Royal Father's* came at laſt :
Thy *Martyrdom's* already paſt.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe.
No *Gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choiſe *Medal* for *Heaven's Treaſury*
God did *ſtamp* firſt upon one ſide of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *ſuffering Humanity* :
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to ſight, does ſhine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wiſeſt *Poets* ſeek
In all their livelieſt colours to ſet forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuſe ſome *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick Son* of *Earth*,
Who ſtrives t'uſurp the *god's forbidden ſeat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat.
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *ſtorms* of *adverſe chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* firſt into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *ſolid Chryſtal* next advance.
His *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry gods* withſtand.
He does long *troubles* and long *wars* ſuſtain,
E're he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no leſs *time* or *labour* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Powrs* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t'oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attaques did wield:
And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
Of all the ſeveral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armour* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand pieces broke.
To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No ſhow on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born and *Decency*.
So were they *born* when *Worceſter*'s diſmal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born when no *Diſguiſes clowd*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhrowd*,
And one of th' *Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th' other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee,
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye*.

15.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw
New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
Me-thoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *hair* is sindg'd, no smalleſt *beauty* blasted;
Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.
The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed
With the bleſt *Oyl* of an *Anoynted Head*.
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd*.
What are thoſe *Two Bright Creatures* which we see
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the same *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Joys* inspire?
Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,
Who whilſt they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no *affliction* to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe *Three* of old was shown,
To solace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adverſity*;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the *others* had but *One*.

16.

Come forth, come forth, ye *men of God beloved,*
And let the *power* now of that *flame,*
Which against you so *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved.
Come, mighty *Charls, desire of Nations,* come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile,* home.
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole *Land* which does at *once* rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's sacred voice.*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sound*;
The mighty *shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale,*
And swells up every *sail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural.*
All *England* but one *Bonefire* seems to be,
One *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea.*
The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star.*
With *Wine* all *rooms,* with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
And *We,* the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too should not do so.
There is no *Stoick* sure who would not now,
Even some *Excess* allow;
And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy.*

17. Where's

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *ſhare*
In this ſo raviſhing ſight,
And with the *part* ſhe *takes* to *add* to the *Delight*?
Ah! why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *Beſt*; and now the *Happieſt Queen*,
To *ſee* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *ſeen*?
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To ſhew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superiour ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.
How well thoſe different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom*!
Thy Princely *Mind* with ſo much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With ſo much *Goodneſs* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
'Tis come, and ſeen to day in all it's *Bravery*.

18.

Who's that *Heroick Perſon* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the hands now of thy *Son?*
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious pitty
Did to th' *enthralled Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever bleſt may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vaſt*, though leſs-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *ſolid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has ſhown,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthieſt Perſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Though 'tis not *ſmall* the *Britiſh glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praiſe* her *Labour* and *Deſign*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* ſhould be *Thine*.

19.

And all ſhould We deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly Other Houſes* now,
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *ſhame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore,
To that, which was but *ſlaughter-houſe* before.
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your *living preſence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful *Memory*,
And to your *Succeſſors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reaſon*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly ſetled *Peace*
May ſhortly make your publick labours ceaſe,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy conſent,
That in *this ſenſe* you ſhould be ſaid,
(Though yet the *Name* ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endleſs Parliament*.

The Country Mouſe.

A Paraphraſe upon Horace 2 *Book,* Satyr. 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſlie,
His antient and Hereditary houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country-Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there,
For a dayes Lodging: the good hearty Hoſt,
(The antient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtores produce, that might excite,
With various taſts, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peaſon, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himſelf, were he a mouſe, would eat.
And for a *Haut gouſt* there was mixt with theſe
The ſwerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheeſe.
The precious Reliques, which at Harveſt, he
Had gather'd from the Reapers luxurie.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day.

Yet

Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpiſ'd this Country feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virtuous, and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an Obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage Beaſts lodge in a Country Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and men:
And taſte the generous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move,
And by high fare, are plyant made to love.
We all e're long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death.
Since Life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath ſufficient Arms,
T' oppoſe bright Honour, and ſoft Pleaſures Charms?
What wiſdom can their magick force repell?
It draws this reverend Hermit from his Cell.
It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *boſom fell*:
She bluſht at firſt, and then put out the light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
When to the Town our wearied Travellers get,

To

To a Lords houſe, as Lordly as can be
Made for the uſe of Pride, and Luxurie,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' obedience, and ſo in they go.
Behind a hanging in a ſpacious room,
(The richeſt work of *Morclakes* noble Loom)
They wait awhile their wearied Limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.
About the hour that Cynthia's *Silver light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone,
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our hoſt leads forth his Stranger, and does find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half fill'd diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious bits the floor was ſtrow'd.
The Courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both, with fat varieties are bleſt.
Th' induſtrious Peaſant every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midſt of a well fraighted Pye,
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lye.
When ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſperous fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait.
With hideous noiſe, down the rude Servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.

Our

Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now in vain;
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curſt!
This, of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave, and wood;
With peace let Tares, and Acorns be my food.

A Paraphraſe upon the 10*th. Epiſtle of the firſt book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEalth, from the lover of the Country me,
Health, to the lover of the City thee,
A difference in our ſouls, this only proves,
In all things elſe, w' agree like marryed doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dove-houſe thou
Doſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough.
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and Reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heaven admire.
Like, one at laſt, from the Prieſts ſervice fled,
Loathing the honie'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect?
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chooſe her ſeat.

Is

Is there a place, doth better helps ſupply,
Againſt the wounds of Winters cruelty?
Is there an Ayr that gentl'er does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lyons rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within does fear?
Does art through pipes, a purer water bring,
Than that which nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures ſhow
More beauties than in Herbs and Flowers do grow?
Fountains and Trees our wearied Pride do pleaſe,
Even in the midſt of gilded Palaces.
And in your towns, that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the Country to our ſight.
Men to the good from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury,
Does but in vain with thoſe true joyes contend,
Which nature did to mankind recommend.
The Man who changes gold for burniſht braſs,
Or ſmall right Gemms, for larger ones of Glaſs:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he, who ſells a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loſe.
For, when we place, even trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the favourites of Kings.

The horned Deer by nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse, in common pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious Horse begg'd help of Man;
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain:
But never after, could the Rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel Masters, they themselves enslave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flow'r, which crowns Humanitie.
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness, to prize,
That's laid up in a Little, for the Wise.
That is the best, and easiest, Estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too straight;
'Tis like a shooe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it overturns.
My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide, and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfill.
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The Horse doth with the Horse-man run away.

O Fortunati nimium, &c.

A Translation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy (if his happiness he knowes)
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n bestowes
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just Earth with easie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Chanels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in Living Brass;
Nor is his Wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear Poyson of *Assyrian* pride:
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his Oyl.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life
Free from the Alarm's of Fear, and storms of Strife,
Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artless Grotts the murmuring waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well hard'ned active youth wee see,
Taught the great Art of chearful Povertie.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of Love, both Humane and Divine;

From

From hence *Astræa* took her flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire which does controul
All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul,
Is that the Muse me her high Priest would make;
Into her holyest Scenes of Myste'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found:
The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious destinie.
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest shade.
Happy the man I grant, thrice happy he
VVho can through gross effects their causes see:
VVhose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th' allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next such Conquerours, happy they,
VVhose humble Life lies not in fortunes way.
They unconcern'd from their safe distant seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.

The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of forein Troops they hear.
Nor can even *Rome* their steddy course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing Pride.
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw,
Into the noisy markets of the Law,
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad men give.
Duty for Natures Bounty they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.

Some with bold Labour plow the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their sleight sails with popular fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name.
Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit,
With endless cares some brooding o're it sit.
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lye on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not Brothers blood, nor hazards of their own.
Around the World in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home.
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertil moneth does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field.
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* Pride:
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side,

The

The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th' Evening to a fair ensuing day,
VVith joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the Milkers hand;
And when from wholsom labour he doth come,
VVith wishes to be there, and wish't for home,
He meets at door the softest humane blisses,
His chast wives welcom, and dear Childrens kisses.
VVhen any Rural Holy dayes invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelesly laid,
He sings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Boul fomes with a flood of VVine,
Not to the loss of reason or of strength:
To active games and manly sport at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,
VVho can the best at better trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* chose,
From such the old *Hetrurian* virtue rose.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From such firm footing *Rome* grew the VVorld's head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise
The honour of poor *Saturns* golden dayes:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.
Before new wayes of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before those Beasts which humane Life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods use were slain.

Claudian's Old Man of *Verona.*

HAppy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
VVithin th' encloſure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the ſame humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gently bending down,
VVith natural propenſion to that Earth
VVhich both preſerv'd his Life, and gave him birth.
Him no falſe diſtant lights by fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wandrings get.
He never dangers either ſaw, or fear'd:
The dreadful ſtorms at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the ſhrill allarms of war,
Or the worſe noyſes of the Lawyers bar.
No change of Conſuls marks to him the year,
The change of ſeaſons is his Calendar.
The cold and heat, VVinter and Summer ſhowes,
Autumn by fruits, and Spring by flow'rs he knows.
He meaſures time by Land-marks, and has found,
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood born with himſelf he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona*'s Name,
And knows it like the *Indies*, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to' a third age enjoyes,
And ſees a long Poſterity of Boyes.
About the ſpacious VVorld let others roam,
The Voyage Life is longeſt made at home.

Martial

Martial Book 10. Epigram 96.

ME who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a Country, how remote so e're,
Where happiness a mod'rate rate does bear.
Where poverty it self in plenty flowes,
And all the solid use of Riches knowes.
The ground about the house maintains it there,
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board,
Devours the vital substance of the Lord.
The Land it self does there the feast bestow,
The Land it self must here to Market go.
Three or four suits one Winter here does wast,
One suit does there three or four Winters last.
Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you sold.
There Fire's an Element as cheap and free,
Almost as any of the other Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you score:
The Places bounty there, shall give me more.

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's *third Book, beginning thus,* Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts and Iron bars,
And Guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one Innocent Maiden-head.
The Jealous Father thought he well might spare,
All further Jealous Care,
And as he walkt, t' himself alone he smil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he slept, his rest was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the Amorous *Jove*
A Magical receit in Love,
Which arm'd him stronger, & which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his Almighty-ship before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art,
His Godhead into Gold he did convert.
No Guards did then his passage stay,
He pas's'd with ease; Gold was the VVord;
Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,
Gold through Doors and walls did peirce;
And as that works sometimes upon the sword,
Melted the Maiden-head away,
Even in the secret scabbard where it lay.

The

The Prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine, did ſpring.
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of peace, the Engine 'tis of war;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Enſign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

3.

Let all the VVorld, ſlave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed Deitie,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And wiſdom is a Tower of ſtronger braſs.
The Muſes Lawrel round my Temples ſpread,
'T does from this Lightnings force ſecure my head.
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent Meteors way to lye.
VVealth for its power doe we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
The vaſt *Xerxean* Army I retreat:
And to the ſmall Laconick forces fly,
VVhich hold the ſtraights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
VVith all the bounteous Summers ſtore,
If the mind thirſt and hunger ſtill.
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
VVe Maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

5. And

5.

A field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertil Nile bestowes
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the Lord;
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will alwayes wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy He
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The Complaint.

1.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay.
And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Bodied,

Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the (Ground.
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the Rich Harvest time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;

Wouldst

Wouldſt ſee the World abroad, and have a ſhare
In all the follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'ſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a State,
And buſineſs thou would'ſt find, and would'ſt Create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Luſts to ſhake off Innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave impertinence:
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, caſt up thy Account,
And ſee to what Amount
Thy fooliſh gains by quitting me:
The ſale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apoſtacy.
Thou thought'ſt if once the publick ſtorm were paſt,
All thy remaining Life ſhould ſun-ſhine be:
Behold the publick ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
The Soveraign is toſt at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Companie,
Art got at laſt to ſhore.
But whilſt thy fellow Voyagers, I ſee
All marcht up to poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
Thou ſtill alone (alas) doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching moyſture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was ſhown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The Fruitful ſeed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muſes Fleece was dry.
It did all other Threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own People ſaid,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Braſs:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven years and more,
Thou didſt with Faith, and Labour ſerve,
And didſt (if Faith and labour can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.

Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unwieldy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile,
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said,
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?
When in the Cradle, innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stole'st me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear,
Into thy new found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravisht Freedom to regain;
Still I Rebell, still thou dost Reign,
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn Weeds
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds.
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive:

The

The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

7.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye;
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white:
To all the Ports of Honour and of gain,
I often ſtear my courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlack'neſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinckling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſie.
Who ever this Worlds happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only Heaven deſire,
Do from the World retire.
This was my Errour, This my groſs miſtake,
My ſelf a demy-votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

8. Teach

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,
The Court, and better King t' accuse;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear,
Thine, thine is all the Barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Soveraign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end:
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the great Sovereigns will he did depend:
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Should'st not reproach Rewards for being small or slow,
Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

FINIS.